The First Dance

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The First Dance

by Phenobarbital

Summary

Two months before the wedding, they'd talked about their first dance at their reception. Hannibal had wanted something classical, theatrical and choreographed, but Will...

Notes

- WARNING: This is incredibly fluffy and probably entirely cheesy and I quite literally could not help myself. I hear a song and it gets into my head and I have to write something. I'm not expecting people to feel the feels I do about it, but I thought I'd share it anyway, in the continued stream of writing outside of my usual genres and comfort zone. ヽ(´▽｀)ノ

- I provided audio in a link in the story, if you want to (because it sets the scene) please listen to the track. I pretty much choreographed their first dance word for word to the song for readers -insert face palm here-
- Not beta-read, all mistakes are mine!
- The name of the singer and song are in the end notes, but introduced in the story before the dance begins. I do not own the music AT ALL. I just love the song.

See the end of the work for more notes

the first dance

Two months before the wedding, they'd talked about their first dance at their reception.

Hannibal had wanted something classical, theatrical and choreographed, but Will had shot him down by saying that if he didn't get to pick the song and they couldn't just enjoy themselves dancing, then he wasn't interested in anything beyond the standard few turns around the floor to some standard song before everyone else joined them.

Hannibal hadn't responded, and he'd thought that was the end of it.

Then two weeks before the wedding, Hannibal had asked him to choose a song, **any song**, he wanted for their first dance as a married couple at the reception. Will had been a little thrown off, so he'd requested a day to think about it.

Fifteen hours later, after going through his playlist on his laptop when he had some free time, Will had sent the song he'd chosen to Hannibal, quite pleased and amused with himself.

He hadn't heard another word about it from his fiancé in the days that followed, so he'd assumed Hannibal had heard the song and decided it was a bust, an emphatic *no way* from the Doctor, which was okay, since Will wasn't exactly thrilled at the idea of doing a whole dance

and show in front of their some five hundred wedding guests, where he could potentially make a fool of himself on a day he was already so badly hoping everything would just go perfectly.

He just wanted to become Mister Graham-Lecter, plain and simple.

And he did.

The ceremony was beautiful and flawless, it played out to the T, without any delays or drama.

He and Hannibal walked down the aisle together to a personal composition Hannibal had prepared being played on piano, all of their many (many) guests smiling, some crying. They wore complementing custom tailored, straight cut, full black suits (no damn waistcoats), with sheer black lapels, ties and pocket squares. They exchanged vows, rings (single gold bands with each other's names engraved inside), and after they were pronounced Doctor and Mister Lecter, they shared a kiss that was just a little on the side of *not* PG.

But everyone loved it, including Will, especially Will, and they left the ceremony hall to the applause of their many (many) guests, Will feeling earnestly ready for the reception, the butterflies of nervousness in his stomach turning over and fluttering anew in anticipation of his future with the man he loved.

The first hour of the reception was excellent too, the few people who elected to give speeches to the newlyweds did so decorously and without any drunkenness or inappropriateness, unlike pretty much every wedding Will had attended in his years before he'd met Hannibal.

It was great, fantastic…it was the perfect wedding.

Even when they cut into the four tier cake –made by Hannibal himself- and fed each other moist, sweet bites of the confection, it wasn't embarrassing. He didn't mess any cake on his or Hannibal's suits, or miss Hannibal's mouth when he fed the Doctor cake with his fingers, and when they kissed afterwards it was sweet and seemly, with only a few crumbs clinging to their lips and it made Will blush just a bit over how romantic it all was.

By the time their first dance as newlyweds came around on schedule, Will had honestly forgotten about it completely. He'd honestly just expected Hannibal's hired mini-orchestra to play something nice and not too generic for them to pseudo-waltz to for a minute, for the hired photographer and guests to take pictures of and their friends and family to fawn and cry, whistle and woot about.

That didn't happen though.

Instead, the lead musician of the mini-orchestra came to the mic to congratulate the newlyweds on their nuptials and announce the mixed instrument decet's departure for the evening. And it was then that Will noticed a *DJ* was setting up on the platform where the other musicians had been all evening. He tried not to pay the unexpected change too much

notice, glancing at his new husband beside him as they sat at the main reception table, although not asking any questions.

But then…the DJ came to the mic to announce that it was time for the newlyweds to have their first dance.

Will figured at this point that something was iffy, but when Hannibal stood up and extended his hand, Will accepted it, as he always would, and followed Hannibal around to the large, very well lit, very much in the spotlight, dance floor, while the guests began to stand from their seats and come forward as well, everyone eager to see them do this common, traditional part of the wedding.

Will wished he still believed it would be the common, traditional sort of the thing.

But Hannibal, leading him out to the middle of the large dance floor and then *leaving* him there, erased any hope he'd had **at all**. He clenched his jaw, worried and nervous as everyone stared at him, and then the guests all watched along with Will as Hannibal walked to the side of the dance floor, removing his suit jacket as he went and then handing it off to someone standing there just as the lights went down and focused more remotely on area where Will stood.

Will had a suspicion, of course, of what was about to happen. But when he'd sent that song choice to Hannibal weeks ago, he had honestly believed Hannibal would just drop the whole thing. As it was, while he and Hannibal often fooled around and danced together in the privacy of their own home -one time Will having even done a playful striptease for Hannibal to a catchy radio pop song-, dancing in front of their friends and family was completely different.

Completely.

But it was too late to protest or give Hannibal a warning look, because the DJ started the music…and when Will heard the strum of guitar chords followed by drums, he knew it was happening and that short of walking off and humiliating his new husband, there was no going back, no stopping it.

They were going to dance to R U Mine? by the Arctic Monkeys.

He watched then, stunned and mesmerized, as Hannibal, to the flow and tune of the music, confidently moving in time with the rhythm, approached him from across the floor. There was a small eruption of noise through crowd of guests watching, before the sounds were all drowned out by Hannibal having arrived and now beginning to circle Will closer and closer, Will standing still and trying not to obviously watch his husband dance up behind him.

Then just when the words *'Years too late…'* flowed out of the speakers to a hard drum beat, Hannibal slotted up behind him, pressing their bodies flush and his large hands settled firmly on Will's hips.

Will barely had a chance to gasp incredulously, before Hannibal started swaying their hips together as the lyrics and music all flowed together loudly, Hannibal almost grinding into

Will to the rhythm, swaying them together a little harder at the next drum fill, Hannibal pressing his lips to Will's cheek and grinning so he could feel it.

Smug son of a bitch.

Will didn't have a chance to get to bearings, because at '*I go crazy…'* Hannibal had grabbed his right wrist with his left hand and he pushed Will out into a half turn, just to bring him back so their bodies jarred into each other just so for effect, Hannibal pressing up against Will's back firmly again as they continued to dance and sway, beginning to move their legs and feet step in step with one another, moving slightly from side to side as the music gained momentum.

And Will was easily able to keep up and dance along, he'd danced with Hannibal more intimately than that when in private, and many, many times too. So all he had to do was focus only on his husband's hands on his hip and lower abdomen, moving them together, and forget that anyone else was watching.

Which, surprisingly, was easier to do than Will would have expected.

Because when Will, loving the song as it was, heard the words *'And I can't help myself…'* he was already caught up, his mouth beginning to stretch into a smile as he raised his right hand up and back to stroke fleetingly down the side of Hannibal face and neck as he held his husband's hand that time, so Hannibal could turn him out at *'All I…'* bringing him back in again for a dramatic stop and hold at, *'…wanna' hear her say is are you mine?'*.

Will was facing forward this time, and when their bodies came together, legs and hips close and slotted together just so, so they could continue to sway, step and turn through the chorus of *'Are you mine?'*, Hannibal's hands sliding around his waist to settle very (very) low on his back, Will was pretty damn sure they were beyond PG.

And he couldn't help but be impressed with Hannibal's ability to keep rhythm with him to this unusual song choice, as if they'd danced to this song a hundred times together.

Will slipped deeper and deeper into the sex appeal and heat of dancing with his new husband that way, pressing closer with each *'Are you mine?'*, sharing Hannibal's smile and bringing his hands slowly up over Hannibal's muscled arms to his shoulders and then down to his chest at *'Oh I…'* to push Hannibal back playfully so they separated a little.

But with natural synchronicity they caught each other's hands, and going into the second verse of *'I guess what I'm tryna' say…*' they fell into a natural medley of jazz dancing, swaying and stepping around the dance space, pushing and pulling, close and hot and occasionally grinding into one another to the drum drops. Hannibal's hands slid over his waist, his hips and at the words *'…somewhere misbehaving…'*, he even slid a hand over Will's ass and down his thigh, while Will grasped and smoothed his hands over Hannibal's back, waist and forearms from one move to the next, both of them leaning in close enough for near kisses.

At *'she's a silver lining, climbing on my desire…*' they danced into a spin that turned several times, their traction-less formal shoes on the smooth dance floor letting them slide easily

around and around, making Hannibal's hair fall out of it's neat style, the sight of it serving to turn Will on instantly.

Whether or not Will was exhausted; Hannibal would **definitely** be getting super laid, super hard that night.

Following up at *'And I go crazy…'* they drew back from one another, holding on to each other with one hand as they danced close but not really touching for a moment. And Will, gaining more confidence, really getting into the step and swaying rhythm of the song, danced closer and closer to Hannibal again until at the first *'Are you mine?'* of the second chorus, Hannibal pulled him forward again, splaying his hands low on Will's back to take them into another series of turns. But it was more heated and intimate than before, their bodies flush and tangled, their lips nearly touching in a kiss as Will wrapped his arms around Hannibal's shoulders, their steps in tune with the flow of the lyrics and music.

From there they continued to flow with the music, shifting, pressing, stepping and moving with the ebb and flow of the drums, guitar, bass and the vocals of *'Are you mine?'*.

The music changed slightly at *'And the thrill of the chase…'* and Will, feeling elated and giddy and sassy and turned on, held onto Hannibal's lapels and slid down half way along his husband's body and then back up again just as lithely and heatedly, both of them grinning when he was standing again. Will then stepped back a few times and started to take his jacket off, feeling hot and restricted, a smooth movement of rolling the jacket off his shoulders before he tossed it to one of the wedding guests off to the side with a smile.

Hannibal, ever theatrical and perfectly timed, moved toward Will with gliding steps and at *'... say you got me baby, are you mine?'* he bent to grab Will just under his ass, Will immediately balancing and supporting his weight, hitching his knees against Hannibal's sides as the Doctor lifted him up and spun them once, twice, before he let Will down again slowly to the high rising riff of the guitar chords in the music. They paused then, panting quietly against one another's smiling mouths for a moment before Hannibal brought his hands up to cradle Will's face, going on to slide them down over his neck, down his back, all throughout the next set of drum and guitar drops in the music pulsing around them.

It was intense; Will loved every second.

And then, once the individual guitar riffs finished, Hannibal dropped to his knees, and at the height of the next *'She's a silver lining…'*, Hannibal Lecter was on his knees, looking up at Will and grinning like the devil as he held onto Will's hips and mouthed the damn words up at him with perfect timing, *'...through an open space, and in my mind when she's not right there beside me, I go crazy…'*. Hannibal continued to mime as the music picked up again, leaving Will feeling lightheaded and reminding him of just why he loved his new husband so damn much.

When he came down from his amazed high, figuring the Doctor would stay there on his knees for him until told he could get up, Will reached down and grabbed Hannibal carefully by the length of his black tie, and at *'...and satisfaction feels like a distant memory…'* Will pulled the older man up by his tie as he continued to sway his hips to the music. Hannibal,

graceful as ever, came up from knees still in tune, taking an easy, comfortable and familiar hold of Will's hips to pull him close again as they started to move together again.

Will was grinning infectiously as he wrapped his arms around his husband's broad shoulders and they swayed and stepped together. He watched pleased and smitten, as Hannibal continued to mime the words of the song to him, and as they moved around another time, close and perfectly in sync, he finally gave into the need to kiss the man he'd married a few hours earlier.

Hannibal kissed him back, wrapping his arms all the way around Will and holding him close as they shared a smiling, loved-up kiss while continuing to absently dance, Will only vaguely aware of the flashing of cameras and video recorders and their wedding guests applauding and whistling and wooting –just as he'd known they would-, far too absorbed in the feeling of Hannibal kissing and holding him.

The song played itself out, the guests finally coming to dance as well when Hannibal and Will ended their kiss and remained swaying and stepping to the remainder of the song.

And when Hannibal smiled against his ear and asked,

"Well, Mister Will Graham-Lecter, are you mine?" in a slightly raspy tone, Will couldn't help laughing in love-dazed awe as he nodded at Hannibal and pressed a smiling kiss to his new husband's cheek and then to his mouth.

They left the reception an hour later.

They made out in the wedding car, and then more heatedly in the elevator of the hotel as they ascended to their overnight room, and by the time they made it to the hotel door, Will had both of their ties undone and their shirt collars opened, eager and impatient for more. It was difficult to get the key card in the door as caught up in kissing as they were, but once the door beeped clear, they fell through it with Will climbing his new husband, nimbly pulling himself into Hannibal's arms as he wrapped his legs and arms around the man who made him happier than he'd ever been.

Much (much) later, when they were exhausted, satisfied and tangled up in their hotel bed, with his voice rough and quiet from strain, Will couldn't help but to say,

"You know that's our song now, right?"

Hannibal smirked and nodded sleepily as they lay facing each other.

And then Will lowered his voice an octave and began singing,

"…he's a silver lining, lone ranger riding, through an open space. In my mind, when he's not right there beside me I go-…" but Hannibal, with a grin and throaty chuckle, leaned in and kissed the rest from his lips, whispering **I love you** (for the twentieth time in the last few hours) as he rolled over Will.

And of course, without missing a beat and with ridiculous affection in his voice, Will said it back.

End Notes

Hannibal and Will's song : R U Mine? by Arctic Monkeys

If it wasn't totally lame and you actually read it through, thank you!
If you liked it, maybe leave your thoughts!?

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